

# *The RALLY*

*A Scouting Magazine for the American Girl*

Volume III, Number 1

OCTOBER, 1919

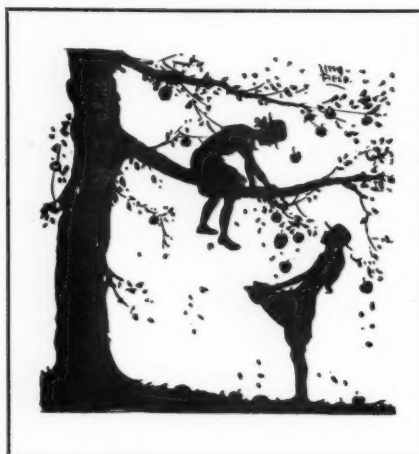
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*Our Birthday Number*  
1917-1919

*Do You Know That—*



*The Rally Is Two Years Old This October*

*To Celebrate We Are Giving You*

**Four New Features**

"Captain Polly"—An adventure serial in which a shipwreck, revolutionists, a pair of diamond earrings and seven lively children all have their parts.

Our Party Page—This month it is a Hallowe'en Party; next month there will be some Thanksgiving suggestions. Every month there will be at least one answer to the question—"What kind of an entertainment shall we give?" There is a chance for you to earn a dollar, too. See p. 11.

Two New Local Departments—PHILADELPHIA GIRL SCOUTS and MANHATTAN SCOUT NEWS. Beginning with this issue Philadelphia and Manhattan have regular departments of their own in **The Rally**. If you are from either one of these cities these pages will be a special treat for you.

These features are in addition to the good things which we have every month—scout news, scout contributions, scout photographs and all official announcements.

**\$1.00 for One Year—  
Sample Copy, 12 cents**

# Our New Serial--A Tale of Fun and Adventure, with a Lively Little Heroine

## "CAPTAIN POLLY"

By Sophie Swett

### READ THIS FIRST

Dr. and Mrs. Damer have gone away on a trip leaving behind them, in their home at Green Harbor, their family of lively children, as follows:

HARRY, the oldest son, away on a yachting trip in company with his friend Bert Langley and a young English boy, Lord Brentford.

KATE, the "big sister" of the family, a gentle capable girl of eighteen.

ROY, rather serious minded.

DEE, who has been to a fashionable boarding school and acquired what her brothers and sisters call "highfalutin' notions."

SYD, the "black sheep" of the family, an unmanageable boy of about fourteen, whose associates cause his family much worry.

POLLY, thirteen years old, and wide awake, the jolliest member of the flock.

BESS, a small sister whose curiosity and inability to keep a secret sometimes make trouble all around.

In addition to the brothers and sisters there are:

GRANDFATHER, who has been Governor and is now a well-to-do ship-builder whose workers are on strike.

DIANTHA, the cook.

CAINY GREEN, a poorhouse waif who acts as "chore-boy."

In order to make some money the four younger children have set up a candy shop on the "High-Flyer," an old yacht that has been beached. Things have been going very well until one night when Cainy and Bose, a faithful dog, are left to guard the unsold wares. Polly is wakened early in the morning by a distant barking. Suspecting mischief at the "High-Flyer" she slips quietly out of the house and down to the boat. There is a dense fog, but she has her pocket compass with her and so finds her way without difficulty. When she reaches the boat she finds it in great disorder with no sign of either Bose or Cainy Green. A paper catches her eye. It proves to be the vows of a secret society, "The Loyal League of Red Handed Revolutionists," and among the names are those of Syd Damer and Cainy Green!

Cainy is finally discovered asleep in the cabin. The sight of Polly frightens him. He confesses that the

The Rally hereby acknowledges its indebtedness to Harper Brothers through whose kind permission "Captain Polly" is reprinted here. This story first appeared in Harper's Young People and may still be purchased in book form from Harper Brothers, price sixty cents. The Rally is very grateful to the publishers whose interest made it possible for Rally readers to enjoy this excellent piece of fiction.

"revolutionists" have been there and that they have taken away Bose. He says, however, that he will get the dog back if Polly will promise not to tell what happened. Polly promises and Cainy starts off.

Meanwhile the fog has become worse and a real storm settles down.

"How the rain beat and the old boat rocked. Polly was glad that Roy had insisted on fastening the boat with a strong cable. Even while she thought of it something seemed to strike the boat with a great violence upon the bows. For an instant it almost stood on its head as Polly afterwards explained. Then it made a great plunge downward, and Polly thought she was going to be swallowed up in the depths of the earth, or the sea, she was not quite sure which, and then, suddenly, it was swept far out among the rolling waves. The old yacht that was thought to have made her last trip long ago was once more afloat."

THE great wave which had knocked the old *High-Flyer* about, and tossed her out to sea as if she were a feather, had taken to itself, as often mysteriously happens, a far greater volume and violence than the other waves around it. When Polly recovered from her benumbing terror sufficiently to realize what had happened, the old boat, although tossing about much more than was agree-

able, showed no further inclination to "stand upon its head," but was apparently being carried by the current rapidly out towards the open sea.

"It is not sinking, it is sailing like any other boat," thought Polly. And she felt grateful to Wing, the carpenter, of whom she had heard people complain because he always persisted in putting two nails where one would do just as well. "But of course it cannot last long. There is something cold around my feet that feels like water now."

She rushed to the cabin door and opened it. The rain had slackened to a feeble drizzle, but the fog was even more impenetrable. For one dizzy moment it seemed to Polly that a whole world of fog and waves was drifting by her while the old boat upon which she stood remained stationary, and it brought the queerest things to her mind: how the moon followed all the way when she, a tiny girl, took her first evening drive home from grandpa's—a wonderful thing to be out in the night, and find out that the moon was so sociable; and of the first time that she played "ring-round-rosy" too long in the meadow, and the brook and the elm-tree changed sides, as if they were in a dance. How long ago everything seemed, even yesterday, and how far away her home! They considered Polly very stout-hearted at home, but she had her little moment of despair. Then she recovered herself and seized the horn that hung at her side, and blew some vigorous blasts. "At least I will keep vessels from running me down," she said to herself. There were responses to her horn, but they came from far up in the harbor, where the vessels had taken shelter.

"If there is nothing outside here to pick me up there will be nothing to run me down," thought Polly, trying stoutly to be a philosopher. "How queerly the bow sticks up out of the water! That is because she isn't ballasted, and the counters and things in the stern are so heavy. I wonder if she would be likely to keep afloat longer if she were righted. I might possibly manage to throw them overboard."

Polly brought all her nautical

(Continued on page 6)



# The RALLY

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## STILL PUSHING FORWARD

In the month of September, 1918, 3,500 copies of THE RALLY were printed. This year, September, 1919, the edition was 6,500. Those figures speak for themselves, and there could be no greater proof that the Girl Scout magazine is reflecting the growth of the whole organization and pushing rapidly forward.

Three thousand more copies of THE RALLY were read this September than during September of last year. Three thousand more scouts are acquainted with their own magazine.

We are proud of that growth and we are especially proud of scouts and scout leaders who have worked with us to make it possible. We want to thank every one of you who has introduced THE RALLY to a Girl Scout who did not already know it, or who, by saying a good word for the magazine gained it a new friend.

The five leading states in order, according to the number of subscribers, are: Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Ohio deserves particular mention, for from being fifth in the list last January, it has now climbed up to third place. If Pennsylvania and

New Jersey do not hurry it will soon be ahead of them.

Not only has THE RALLY acquired new subscribers in old places, but a number of new towns have been added. In New York 25 new towns appear on the list, in Pennsylvania 19, in Massachusetts 14, in New Jersey 11, in Ohio 10 and in Illinois 9.

Englewood, New Jersey should perhaps be called the *Honor Town*. Although it has only 7 scouts 4 of them are subscribers to THE RALLY.

Schuylkill Haven, Pa.; Lexington and Marlboro, Mass.; and Johnstown, New York also have good records. Brookline, Mass., with 359 scouts and 128 subscribers deserves particular credit.

This month THE RALLY finishes its second year. Next month we start out for a whole new year of growth. Will we do at least as well as we did last year? Of course we will, for every true scout is going to help her magazine forward so that it in turn can push forward the whole movement of scouting. Won't you do your share by telling somebody today about the good things that are waiting for Girl Scouts in THE RALLY.

## KIND WORDS FOR THE RALLY

The following bits of encouragement brought good cheer to the Editorial Office last month. We are trying hard to make the magazine better all the time, and it is gratifying to know that in the opinion of some of our subscribers, at least, we are succeeding.

"The copies of THE RALLY arrived and I think the paper improves each month. It certainly does one good to read of the pep in our Girl Scout Troops.

W. D., New Jersey."

"Enclosed find my subscription to THE RALLY for one year. I enjoyed the numbers of the summer months so, that I immediately answered the slip saying 'Your subscription expires.'

M. H. New York."

"We quite agree with the English Girl Guide who thinks THE RALLY is 'ripping.' Each article is interesting, but best of all are the letters from other scouts—home and foreign.

We held a very successful cake sale last June, and wish to send three dollars of the proceeds to National Headquarters for the extension of Scouting.

C. F., New Jersey."

## A THANKS BADGE PRESENTED

At the last meeting of the Leaders' Association of Brooklyn Girl Scout Troops there was presented a "THANKS BADGE" to Mrs. Maud Canfield, Chairman of the Women's Naval Service of Brooklyn, for her great kindness and interest in Girl Scouts.

Mrs. Canfield has appreciated the need of the Girl Scout movement in this borough for our girls and has given them the use of a desk and a part of her office for their headquarters at 199 Montague Street, where Mrs. Wm. A. Root a volunteer director is transacting the business of the local organization of nearly one thousand girls and their leaders.

## OUR COVER

THE RALLY is indebted to little Miss Mildred Keller, Mascot of Troop 36, the Bronx for this month's cover. Although only five years old Mildred looks quite like a miniature scout. Her uniform is like that worn by the members of her troop except that it does not bear the official buttons, and the Tenderfoot badge is missing. Mildred was the guest of honor at THE RALLY's birthday party, and she is shown here with THE RALLY's birthday cake.

## OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

1. On and after October first, all captains' and lieutenants' registration fees will be 50 cents each. This registration fee will include a copy of the Book of Rules, which will be mailed to each captain and lieutenant with her commission.

2. On and after October first, there will be a Troop Registration Fee in addition to the individual child's registration fee. The amount of the Troop Registration Fee will be \$1.00. This \$1.00 will automatically pay for one year's subscription to THE RALLY. The individual registration fee of each scout continues at 25 cents.

3. On and after October first, duplicate enrollment cards will be charged for at the rate of 10 cents each. This is done to teach the scouts to take care of their enrollment cards as they care for their Liberty Bonds. It requires additional work on the part of the staff to fill in duplicate enrollment cards.

4. On and after October first, there will be no partial registration fees accepted. Every registration entered will be charged for at the full rate of 25 cents.

# LAST CALL FOR THE DRIVE



Girl Scout Week  
October 25th to  
November 2nd

**B**Y the time this magazine reaches you Girl Scout Week will be very near indeed. Do you feel like a general on the eve of a great drive? Have you gathered all your forces, have you planned your campaign? Have you tried to foresee and prevent every possible error? If so, you are undoubtedly going ahead confident of a sweeping victory for the Girl Scouts. Believe in your success; work hard and you cannot be defeated! Remember that hundreds of other towns throughout the country are starting out eagerly at the same time as yourselves. Are you going to let any other community get ahead of you? Certainly not!

Headquarters has been most encouraged by the letters that have been coming in. Everywhere plans for the drive are booming. Captains and Councils are sending us suggestions and asking for advice. Some of the suggestions seem to us very good and we are passing them on to those of you who may be able to use them.

One is for use with the Girl Scout film, *The Golden Eaglet*. While the first part is being shown have a crack patrol of scouts form on the stage and when the flag raising picture is shown have scouts and orchestra lead the scouts in *The Star Spangled Banner*. During the singing the film fades out and the calcium light is thrown on the real scouts, who then demonstrate the opening of a meeting, colors in front. Then film gradually appears and scouts fade out.

Here are some other suggestions: (1) Booth. Have tent set up with fire, etc. Have scouts in uniform in charge of older person carry on demonstration while subscriptions are being taken. (2) Post signs in street cars. (3) Run slide in moving picture house each day during the week. This may be written or printed by hand, but had better be designed by an artist on the committee. (4) When one of the scouts asks Mayor or Governor to issue proclamation, have picture taken either for movies or Sunday paper. (5) Have letters written by prominent citizens about Girl Scouts and also have them give interviews to reporters. (6) When arranging for downtown headquarters for the Drive get a place where you can have a good exhibit in the window and put up a device like a clock or a thermometer for indicating drive returns. (7) One newspaper has offered to run a Girl Scout Edition. See if yours will do this.

Have Girl Scouts in uniforms in evidence everywhere during the week. Don't let people forget Girl Scouts for one minute.

We are going to make this week the best thing that has ever happened in Girl Scouting.

**Talk scouting—boost—and remember that National Headquarters is counting on you!**



### JOLLY SCOUTS

The Enfield Scouts went camping,  
Such jolly scouts are we,  
And if you saw our Captain,  
You'd know how this could be.

We had a little cottage,  
And everything to eat,  
And when we went in swimming,  
The pleasure was complete.

EILEEN CARSON,  
Enfield, Conn.

### OUR TROOP BIRTHDAY

When Daisy Troop 2, the Bronx, New York City, was two years old, they had a real birthday party. Each girl was allowed one guest, her mother, and as there were thirty-two girls in the troop it was a large party.

At eight o'clock the scouts formed in line, marched in carrying their two flags, and formed in four patrols. They had their regular opening exercises and then were dismissed.

A play was given, which had been selected by the Entertainment Committee who had also drilled the girls as well as provided them with scenery and costumes. Other numbers on the program were a duet by two of the Scouts, a recitation, a talk to the mothers by our Local Director, First Aid demonstrations and a relay race.

And then came refreshments—The table was set with a patriotic paper table cloth and napkins while a birthday cake with two candles was in the center. Other cakes decorated with G. S. in fruit and small flags made the table very pretty. While the Refreshment Committee was dishing out the ice cream, the girls sat on the floor and sang the Scout Songs. Then the candles were lighted and the scouts sat at the table with their mothers.

Just before going home the girls and some of the mothers fell into line and marched around the room singing and cheering.

J. E. H.

Our Troop, which is Oak Troop 2 of the Town of Union, N. J., held a birthday party last May in honor of their first anniversary. This troop was organized at the Reformed Church, therefore Rev. W. Mager, Pastor of the church held a special service for us on Sunday evening.

After the greeting given by one of the girls, appropriate verses were recited and Scout Songs sung. One of the most interesting features of the evening was a talk on Scouting, by Captain F. Browning, Scout Commissioner of North Hudson at that time, who was invited to attend our birthday celebrations.

Five of our girls received medals for the Fourth Liberty Loan Campaign, and Captain Zwecker, who had offered a gold tenderfoot pin to the first girl becoming a Second Class Scout and receiving the most Merit Badges, presented it to Gladys Kissel, who is now the Honor Scout of our troop.

The Treasurer gave the Financial Report and the Secretary reported that on May 20th, 1918 forty-two girls registered, and on May 20th, 1919 there were thirty-eight who registered, twenty-seven of whom had become Second Class Scouts during the year.

With the singing of the Star Spangled Banner the service came to a close, but not so our anniversary, for on the following Monday a party was held at the church for the Girl Scouts. Refreshments were served and games played. We presented our Captain with a large bouquet, and our Lieutenant with a corsage bouquet.

We presented Mrs. Fredicks, the Pastor's Sister, with a Thanks Badge in appreciation of all she has done for us.

After our birthday party, we settled down again to Scout Work intending to show a better record for the next year.

EVA KOTTGEN, Oak Troop 2,  
Town of Union, N. J.

GIRLS—When you want to make a little extra money, we are good people to write to. Our packets sell. Address:

THE OWL ART SHOPS,  
393 Main St.,  
Worcester, Mass.

## THE SCOUT

Contributions for The Scout Scrap Book for December.

Letters—not over 300 words long entitled "A Scout-like Christmas."

Photographs (must be sharp) or Drawing; "Christmas"

Verses—not over 24 lines long—"Christmas."

All contributions must be received by November 10th. The best material will appear in the Christmas Number. Address: THE RALLY, Nat'l Hdqts., Girl Scouts, 189 Lexington Ave., New York City.

Contributions must be original.

Read above rules carefully. Unavailable material cannot be returned unless stamps are enclosed.

### OUR LAWS

"Be Prepared." For this we stand!  
'Tis the motto of our band.  
For the honor of our cause  
We will give the Ten Scout Laws;  
"Honor" first, then "Loyalty"  
"Helpfulness" is number three;  
"Friendliness," for this we strive,  
"Courtesy" is number five.  
"Purity" is next in line  
"Cheerfulness" is number nine  
"Kindness" and "Obedience"  
Need no words in their defense.  
Each a priceless precious gift  
And the tenth Scout Law is  
"Thrift"

Give good measure. Make it pay.  
Do a "Good Turn" every day!

J. A. ROBINSON,  
Springfield, Ohio.

### BABY'S NEW CRADLE

During the war, when the air raids commenced, the people in London would run to the nearest church where the cellars had been fixed up to receive people at such times. On one occasion, during an air raid, women came running in with their children and after all the excitement was over the minister saw a baby sleeping in the pulpit.

He said "Well, I've seen folks asleep in the congregation many a time, but this is the first time I've seen any one asleep in the pulpit."

Mrs. W. E. D.,  
Captain.



# SCRAP BOOK

## ESTILL S. C.

Troop 1, Estill, S. C. is not very old, having been organized in March, 1919, with seventeen members, all of whom are very interested and very anxious to pass all of their examinations so that they may become First Class Scouts.

Our town is not very large and when we first wanted to organize a Scout Troop here, there were a number of people that did not know what Girl Scouts were, however, everyone was very kind to us and now the girls in their khaki uniforms are very well known on our streets.

On August 15th, our Troop gave an entertainment that was a splendid success.

First, the film, "The Golden Eaglet" was shown and all the town folks were very much pleased with it, while the Scouts each determined to try to win all the merit badges possible in hopes of winning the "Golden Eaglet."

At the end of the picture the Scouts in their uniforms, sang all the Scout songs that have been published in *THE RALLY*, ending with a song composed by a Scout of our Troop. After this song the girls presented a playlet "Men not Wanted" which was a splendid success.

We took in \$51.55 at this entertainment and as everyone was very kind to us we had just \$37.30 clear profit. We have felt so encouraged that we feel tempted to have another play in the fall.

The Saturday after the performance the Scouts, who were in the cast of "Men not Wanted" took their costumes, went out to a home four miles from the town and repeated

the play for a lady who has been confined to her bed for eighteen years. She enjoyed it very much and we felt that this was a "very good turn."

We are very proud of the fact that our town is only forty-one miles from Savannah, the home of the Girl Scouts and their Founder, and that there resides in our town a young matron who was a Charter member of the first Troop of Girl Scouts of Savannah and who won the first merit badge ever given in the United States and this badge was for Child Nursing.

Mrs. D. L. H., Captain.

## OUR CAPTAIN'S BIRTHDAY

It was a week before everything was to happen that we invited our Captain to a special meeting. When the appointed hour arrived, all the girls were in the big drawing room of a private house, all excited. Two girls were stationed in the hall to escort our Captain in when she arrived and the rest of the troop was hidden behind the curtains.

A whistle sounded. Our Captain had come! When she entered the room everything was dark except for the little candles burning on the birthday cake. She stood motionless while the girls behind the curtains sang "For it's your birthday, Captain." When it was over the lights were turned on and the girls rushed from their hiding place. Our Captain stood bewildered. How had we guessed it was her birthday?

After that we played games and some of the girls won prizes.

M. B., New York.



## BRONX, N. Y.

Just a bit of news from the Bronx. The girls of the consolidated troop, which has been meeting during the summer, went on a "bird hunt." We started very early in the morning taking our lunch with us. We wandered through the wooded sections of Bronx Park to see the birds in their natural haunts and then went to the bird houses to verify what we had seen.

Several girls from Troop 4 have been assisting the matron of the Bronx Day Nursery, Abby House, by playing games and amusing the children in various ways.

A. B., Ass't Director.

## OUR PARTY

"I hear that the Bowling Green scouts are back from their trip to Lakeside. What have they done to surprise the surrounding country since they arrived? Anything?"

"Yes indeed!"

"What now?"

"They had a party at Lieutenant Swann's for Mrs. Browning and Mrs. Whipple who chaperoned them at Lakeside."

"When was this?"

"Wednesday night, September third."

"Did they have a good time?"

"Of course. Girl Scouts always have a good time, even when they work, but this was an especially fine party. Each girl gave a dime toward the refreshments, and they had ice cream and little cakes which Lieutenant Swann's mother made for them. Every one came dressed up; some were farmers and some were boys. Others were Indians and girls of the Civil War."

"They must have been a sight."

"They were, and the funniest part of it all was that Mrs. Browning and Mrs. Whipple heard of it and came all dressed up, too."

HELEN L. HARVEY,  
Bowling Green, Ohio.



The Girl Scouts of Bowling Green, Ohio, recently gave a fancy dress party. Read their letter above. By the way, have you seen our new party department, page 11?

# "CAPTAIN POLLY"

(Continued from page 1)

knowledge, which even Syd had sometimes generously admitted to be not inconsiderable for a girl, to bear upon this point, and decided not to make any effort to lighten the stern. If the *High-Flyer* should run upon Darning Needle Ledge, which was now her greatest fear, the bow might remain high and dry so that she could cling to it until help came.

Darning Needle Ledge was a line of rocks which, at low tide, showed their jagged points from afar, but had crunched many a good ship's bones while the water lay all blue and serene above them. As well as she was able to judge, with the aid of her compass, the *High-Flyer* was being carried directly towards the Ledge. There was a bell-buoy there now to warn ships off the dangerous rocks, but of what use was a warning to a boat that had neither helm nor sail?

But the boat was settling, Polly thought, slowly but surely; every time that she looked it seemed to her that the stern lay lower in the water. She thought that the cabin must be half filled with water by this time. She need not worry about the Ledge; the boat might not live to reach it. Once she thought she felt the boat settle, and heard the water rushing in; she thought it was sinking and cried out in terror. The boat seemed to raise itself again, with an effort, like a living thing, but Polly kept on crying and calling for help, in the hope that some one might be near enough to hear. But her voice seemed to be smothered and lost in the fog; not even an echo came back to her.

Although the stern lay so low, the bow still raised itself grotesquely, but with a triumphant air, out of the water, and the flag which Roy had hung there to give a gala air, although limp and draggled, now and then essayed a feeble flutter.

Hark! That was the bell buoy! It had a weird and ghostly sound in the brightest of days; they always sang their gayest songs when they sailed near it. Kate had said that it always seemed to her to be ringing a knell for the poor people who had been wrecked upon the Ledge, and whose bones lay whitening below it. Was it ringing so loudly and solemnly because there was to be another victim? The old boat drifted on, her bow high in the air, and her stern low in the water; and would she pass to the right or left of the buoy? One side meant a little hope of life and home once more; the other—Polly shut her eyes and waited. She

tried to say a prayer, but no words would come. She could not even remember "Now I lay me," her brain was so confused; she thought, queerly enough, of the time when the bull chased them in the field and Syd tried to pray, and said "When in the course of human events"! Would God think she was very wicked that she could not even remember "Now I lay me"?

The old *High-Flyer* was in rough water now; she rolled about, and her timbers creaked and shivered; she was passing the buoy; the sound of the bell was growing fainter, but in her bewilderment Polly could scarcely tell upon which side it was. When she dared to open her eyes it was just visible through the fog, swaying monotonously, while the bell kept up its doleful chant. But the *High-Flyer* had passed outside of it, and was at a safe distance from the Darning Needles. Polly could find words for a little prayer of thanksgiving then, but she was becoming exhausted with the long anxiety and excitement, and as she lay huddled in a little miserable heap upon the deck, her eyes, which she had strained so long to search the baffling fog, closed, and the foghorn dropped from her hand.

The shrill scream of a steamboat whistle close at her ear, it seemed, aroused her. A huge black shape loomed through the fog close upon her. She had known that the *Katahdin* would come up to the harbor this morning, but she had not thought of this danger of drifting across its track.

"Keep her off! keep her off, can't you? Hard alee!" shouted voices from the steamer. "What's the matter, cap'n? Are you asleep, or drunk?"

Just in time the huge steamer, huge at least beside the little *High-Flyer*, turned sharply, and went screaming off through the fog, leaving a commotion of waves in her wake that made the little boat leap and plunge. Polly had called frantically to them for help, but the wind which brought their voices to her, carried hers away from them. It afterwards transpired that they had finally concluded that the *High-Flyer* was an old wreck that had got afloat in the storm; they had not seen the wreck's passenger, nor taken into account the possibility that it might have one.

Polly felt as if her last hope had gone with the steamer; the loneliness, too, seemed more awful than before. If she had even Bose with her, dear old faithful Bose, whose peril her own had not made her forget. How

like a bad dream it all seemed; Cainy's treachery and the finding of Syd's name on the rill of that dreadful "League"; if she only might wake in her safe, snug bed, and find it to be so!

The water was growing deeper in the stern. Baskets and boxes had floated out from under the seats and the counters, and were sailing about. There was a pail there; she wished she had tried to bail it out at first; there was too much of it now; perhaps it would have been useless, even at first. Nothing could be done now; the old *High-Flyer* had made a longer voyage than any one could have believed possible; it must now be nearly at an end. Polly went to the extreme edge of the bow, which was now farther than ever out of water, and waited.

The *Pirate* was a jaunty little yacht. She sat, as her owner, Bert Langley, was proud to remark, like a bird on the water, and if her name were not altogether appropriate, still, with her rakish build, her black paint, and her decorative skull and cross-bones, she looked as piratical as a boat could be expected to look since piracy has gone so entirely out of fashion. And her owner, who was just twenty-one, and had come into possession of a fortune, was as magnificent in his ideas as any story-book pirate of them all, and had fitted up the yacht with as much luxury as so few feet of space could possibly contain.

But, alas! the good-fortune that always waits upon a story-book pirate had not attended this trip. The sailing-master had been taken very ill with the mumps—a disease which the gay young yachtsman and his guests found so ridiculous for a stout fellow of twenty-seven to be afflicted with, that they bestowed more scoffing than sympathy upon him. But they were obliged to put him ashore at the first opportunity, and they engaged, without sufficient care, another sailor who was recommended to be the "knowingest pilot along shore." But he proved to have a worse distemper than the mumps, which caused him to quarrel with the steward, smash the dishes and furniture, and the ship's compass, and finally to subside into his berth with his knowingness in total eclipse; and the yacht, without a compass in dense fog, was at the mercy of such nautical skill as its owner and his youthful guests might possess.

"I'm afraid to go at anything but a snail's pace in this confounded fog," growled Bert Langley, sitting

(Continued on page 10)



# MANHATTAN SCOUT NEWS

*Edited by Mrs. Frederick Edey*

189 Lexington Avenue, New York



"Any mail for me?" This improvised post office at the camp at Central Valley, N. Y. was a popular place with scouts during the camping season.

## OUR OWN PAGE

From now on Manhattan Girl Scouts are to have a regular corner in *THE RALLY* for their news. In addition to the usual stories, articles, scout contributions and troop news from all over the country, there will appear, *every other month*, a page devoted exclusively to the interests of Manhattan scouts. Announcements from the Manhattan Office will be reprinted here, as well as news of all the latest scout doings in that district. If you are a Manhattan scout you want to be sure and watch for that page, and what is more you want to *contribute* to it.

## ELECT YOUR REPORTER

Every troop should elect at once, one girl who shall be the Official Reporter for the troop. It is her business to send a report regularly to the Manhattan Office. She will also meet once a month with the other reporters and the Manhattan Editor.

Has your troop earned some

money? Has it given an unusual party? Has it helped some unfortunate family? All these things are news and should be reported. If you have good scout photographs send them in, too.

All reports must be in by the 12th of the month preceding publication. The next Manhattan page will appear in the December *RALLY*. This means that material must be in by November 12th at the latest. The best reports will be published.

## READY FOR THE DRIVE

At present all other scouting activities are practically at a standstill, while the Manhattan scouts devote themselves to the coming Drive. Letters are being sent out to every Girl Scout in Manhattan. And if you have not already received and read your letter, be sure and read this copy of it here.

My dear Scout:

Did you know that we have a Girl Scout House at 189 Lexington Avenue where we hope New York

scouts will come often? In it is a "Model Apartment" where we can give frequent Second and First Class Tests, have jolly parties, hold First Aid Classes, etc. These are only a few hints as to the plans for the winter, which I think is to be the best ever.

To make it so every loyal scout must do her bit. Our first call on you is for the Drive for Associate Members, from October 25th to November 2nd, when we want every older person interested in scouting to become such a member by paying a dollar subscription fee. We are going to give Manhattan scouts a chance to make the banner record by sending in, in advance, the names and addresses of *at least* three friends that they feel sure will want a pledge card sent to them.

If you want more particulars about this Drive either ask your Captain, call us on the telephone, or, better still, come in and see us. The offices are on the second floor. The telephone is Madison Square 7755.

Remember this cannot be a success unless you do your part!

## CAPTAINS WANTED

Did you ever do any recruiting? So much the better if you have, and if you haven't, now is the time to start. The Manhattan district is looking for dozens of good live scout captains, and it is up to you scouts to find them.

Haven't you a big sister, or an aunt, or a cousin, who would make a splendid scout captain? Haven't you some older friends who could give a small portion of time each week to scouting? Tell them about our big movement that is growing so fast that we need a great many people to help us take care of it. Tell them about our interesting work—and about our play, too! The fact that she does not already know scouting need not dismay anyone, for beginning November first there will be a class for training leaders, conducted by the Manhattan office. This class will meet one afternoon and one evening a week. All prospective leaders must, of course, be twenty-one years or over. How many recruits can *you* bring in?

# PHILADELPHIA GIRL SCOUTS

Two Pages of Up-to-date News from That City

*Edited by Edith Lavell—Director*

1314 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

## THE CAMPAIGN

Under the leadership of Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt, our Commissioner, and also Local Drive Chairman, our 4,000 Girl Scouts are going out for 40,000 Associate Memberships. Each district will work separately and compete for the greatest number. There will be a troop prize and a district prize for the most successful contestants, in proportion to the number of girls in each. Every Girl Scout who gets her ten memberships will receive a badge, which will be awarded at the November Court of Honor.

We are all looking forward to a mass meeting when we can have Mrs. Rippin meet our officers and girls and tell us more about the drive.

## OUR STAFF

With the opening of the Fall Work we find our staff eager and anxious to begin again. We regret to say that we have one resignation to report, that of Mrs. John C. Russ, former Field Director of District II and Camp Director during 1918. We have, however, two new members of the staff; Miss Blanche O. Alexander, Field Director of District II and Miss Myrtle Moorhouse of District IV.

Our staff now includes: Mrs. Victor Lavell, Director; Miss Leona A. Maxim, Assistant Director; Miss Helen V. Isel, Office Secretary; Miss Blanche O. Alexander, Miss Myrtle Moorhouse, Miss Helen B. Rebmann, Miss Beatrice Briddes and Miss Lillian C. Watt, Field Directors.

The Executive Committee continues to include: Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt, Commissioner; Miss E. Gwen Martin, Ass't Commissioner; Miss Cecily Barnes, Treasurer; Mrs. David S. Stern, Chairman of Court of Honor and Miss Elizabeth N. Fox, Director of Personnel.

## TROOP NEWS

We want to save a corner of our page for troop news. Send in notices of not more than 100 words to the Editor (at Headquarters, Philadelphia) not later than the 5th of each month.

## BANNER CONTEST

Last year Troop No. 13 of Happy Hollow, of which Mrs. Edwinna Ginder is Captain won the banner five months and therefore is entitled to keep it.

The new banner contest opens October first. Reports must be submitted on or before the 5th of the following month.

Your Captain has a blank for the contest and there are more at Headquarters. Ask your Field Director if you do not understand it.

## THE CAMP AT PAOLI

Nearly 800 Girl Scouts from Philadelphia enjoyed the camping season and became acquainted with the great out-of-doors this summer at their new camp at Paoli, Pa.

The name given the camp is "Odahkotah," an Indian name meaning "friendly." A large bunting camp flag, of the camp colors (green and white) was hoisted every morning at Reveille with the American flag.

Camp Odahkotah is located on the crest of a hill overlooking Chester Valley. Twenty tents were pitched at the very edge of the woods in the form of a "V" with Headquarters tent, floating the HQT. flag, and the Hospital tent, floating the Red Cross flag, at the point of the V. At the foot of the hill are three buildings, once used at one of Uncle Sam's camps. One is the Mess Hall—arranged just as it was when the soldiers used it, with twelve small tables, and the kitchen, containing two army cook stoves, in one end. The second building is the recreation building, nicknamed "The Rec" where books, writing tables, comfortable chairs, and a victrola with a large variety of records, helped the girls to pass away many happy hours. The third building is the Commissary and Canteen—that speaks for itself.

The daily program was:

- 6:30—First Call.
- 6:45—Assembly (everybody in pajamas in front of their tents).
- 6:48—Reveille (Flag raising).
- 6:55—Calisthenics.

- 7:00—Morning dip.
- 8:00—Mess and personal inspection.
- 9:15—Tent inspection.
- 9:30—Sick call.
- 9:55—Drill Call.
- 10:00—Assembly.
- 10:15—Recall.
- 10:20—First call for swimming.
- 10:30—Assembly.
- 11:15—Recall.
- 12:00—Mess.
- 1:00—Rest.
- 1:30—Hikes for nature study conducted by the officers or troop hikes conducted by the Captains.
- 6:00—Mess.
- 7:00—Call to Colors—Flag lowering.
- Evening optional.
- 8:45—Church call.
- 9:00—Call to quarters.
- 9:20—Tattoo.
- 9:30—Taps.

Many interesting features made the days at camp full of life and fun. Hikes for studying Nature, for making maps and trails, for learning to cook out of doors and to build various kinds of fires, filled up much of the time.

Every week the Scouts rode to Valley Forge in motor trucks—visited Washington's Headquarters, saw the entrenchments of the soldiers and the monuments erected to their memory, and examined with great interest many of the trophies of the Revolutionary War.

"Stunt Night" was a time looked forward to with great anticipation. "The Rec" was decorated with flags for the occasion; a stage was erected, and every troop took part in the entertainment for the evening. Some times the admission fee was a lolly pop. The lolly pops collected at the door were afterward served for refreshments.

One morning a message announcing a Treasure Hunt, was signalled by the leaders from a hill opposite the camp. The first sentence signalled was, "You must not pass on this message." Then the directions for finding the first symbol for locating the treasure were given. From then, until the Hunt started two days later, a great air of mystery pervaded the camp, but the event was not openly discussed.

At 7:30, on the evening arranged, the girls lined up, and at the blast of a whistle, started off on the search

## The RALLY

for the treasure. They found the route marked by Scout signs, and found notes written in Morse and Semaphore testing their Scout knowledge at each step. Finally, after an hour and a half of hard work, Scout Mildred Shorday, of troop No. 148, dug the treasure, a flower guide, out of the trunk of a fallen tree.

The Scouts had a church service every Sunday afternoon at a clearing in the woods. A minister was always there to speak to them and there in the out-of-doors, the Scouts remembered their promise to do their duty to God.

An examination in general Scoutcraft was given every week. The reward for passing the test was camp letters,—a circle of green felt, with the letters "CO" in white, standing for Camp Odahkotah. Flower and tree identification, trail and map making, first aid, knot tying, cooking and proficiency in athletics were among the required things for gaining the reward.

The following girls received camp letters:

During July:

Sara Walsh and Myrtle Moorhouse of troop No. 11

Sylvia Labiner of troop No. 73.

Helene Kilbride of troop No. 91.

Frances Romer and Catherine Peters of troop No. 102.

Margaret Bruhm of troop No. 110.

Grace Hunter and Anna Hitze of troop No. 143.

Mildred Shorday, Prudence Wallis, Eleanor Spruance, Ruth Duncan, and Helen Dirick of troop No. 148.

Anna Benson of troop No. 168.

During August:

Marie Hillegas, Anna Herbert and Alma Mc. Hale of troop No. 2.

Jane Spence of troop No. 11.

Helen Weymann, Helen Eldridge, Helen Dornbusch, Amelda Armstrong, Eleanor Braden, Gertrude Eldridge and Edith Burke of troop No. 13.

Pearl Safier of troop No. 24.

Elsie Wilmot, Geraldine Garnett, Dorothy West, Carrie Rainor, Louise Schaffer, and Madeline Young of troop No. 41.

Helen Perell, Anna Herbst and Edna Gras of troop No. 89.

Katherine Porter, Marie Porter, Elizabeth Olsen, Nancy Marshall, Marie Crady, Katherine Kirlby, Katherine Ferguson and Charlotte Olsen of troop No. 96.

Ellen Scott, Myrtle Ruslint and

Florence Singly of troop No. 170.

The Camp letters were awarded the last day at camp, and the proud owners generally found some way to display them on the way home.

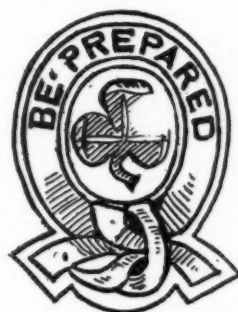


Flag raising at Camp Odahkotah.

The tramp from camp back to the station lay for a half mile through the woods, and another half mile through the village of Paoli. The long line of khaki-clad Scouts went single file through the woods, then in squad formation through the town.

"Taps," blown by the camp bugler from the rear of the train as a farewell to the officers waving their hats from the station platform, made a fitting close to the camping week.

LEONA A. MAXIM,  
Camp Director.



Scout Troops that wish to earn their uniforms, flags, standards, band instruments or camp equipment, can do so in their spare hours. For particulars address

**Capt. Russell Gray**  
917 Chestnut St., Phila.

*Note—This offer is open only to Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland troops.*

## GIRL SCOUTS

Girl Scouts are always *Trustworthy*

They are *Loyal*, brave and true.

Girl Scouts are always *Helpful*.

They are good and *Friendly* too.

Girl Scouts are always *Courteous*.

They are *Kind* to those in need.

Girl Scouts are *Pure*, *Obedient*

They are *Cheerful*, Yes Indeed!

Girl Scouts are mighty *Thrifty*.

Their work is never done,

From the rising in the morning

To the setting of the sun.

P. W. WADLEIGH,  
Oak Troop No. 13.

PITTSBURG, PA.

Arrangements are being completed for the Girl Scouts to demonstrate scouting in 10 different recreation parks of the city. The date set is Saturday evening, September 20. Miss Laura P. Holland, director of the Allegheny County Girl Scouts, will have direction of the various programs and the organization of them according to the troops participating. The events will be called "Stunt Night." Every activity of Girl Scouting will be made known.

Troop 18 of Pittsburgh, Miss Lois Goettman, captain, has begun its autumn meetings. Many hikes are on the program. The troop at the Southside Library, Alice Stolzenbach, captain, went to the woods back of Carrick. This was under the direction of Miss Holland. The group was made up mainly of Jewish high school girls.

Troop 9 of Dormont hiked Friday back of the town to the adjacent woods. The Ormsby Park Playgrounds troop, Miriam Scheibe, captain, will follow the hike to Schenley Park with another to Highland "Zoo."

Officials at Girl Scout headquarters are planning to take part in the observances of Constitution Day, September 17. Many troops are expected to observe the signing of the great document by celebrations the night of September 17, the night before, or at any meeting close to that date, according to the convenience of the individual troop. The exact nature of the "stunts" have not been agreed upon, but the schedule will be an appropriate one, and designed to make the spirit of the Constitution known and understood.

As this is part of propaganda of the Nation-wide campaign on Americanization, all the Polish, Lithuanian, Serbian and other children of foreign parents will take part. They are the connecting links between the American idea and the old ideas of Europe, now obsolete. Miss Laura P. Holland, directress of the Allegheny county Girl Scouts, wishes to emphasize the Americanization.



## "CAPTAIN POLLY"

(Continued from page 6)

down upon a heap of rope, coiled with naval exactness, on the damp deck, where Josh Faulkner and the young English lord were trying to take views of the fog effects, of which they found an ample variety. "It's the rockiest and deceivingest coast in North Ameriky," as the old fellow at Camden told us. We've done nothing but run down buoys for the last three miles."

"Stop growling, Bert; it's really going to clear now. A minute ago I saw blue sky enough to make a Dutchman a pair of trousers."

"A minute ago? where is it now?" grumbled Bert. "But it does look like clearing off there to leeward. If we could make Green Harbor I wouldn't complain if the fog lasted a week. A fellow is sure of a good time at Damer's; it's the best house I know to visit at. Free and easy; the doctor scientific, absorbed in his books, and the mother an invalid; can't make much difference that they're abroad; the small fry run at large, and there's a boy or two much too large for his size. But Kate is what I call a regularly nice girl, and as pretty as a May morning; not too professionally pretty, you know, but good and sweet to look at, and knows how to make a fellow feel at ease, and put his best foot foremost. Del's the beauty of the family, and she used to be a jolly little thing, but they say she is getting 'missish' and puts on airs. There's one they call Polly; red hair and big eyes; rakes you fore and aft with them; makes you feel as if she were seeing whether there was any meanness about you. I wonder how Polly will turn out."

The young lord politely expressed the opinion that Harry Damer's family must be everything that was agreeable. He was a slender strippling, looking less than his sixteen years, with a frank jovial boyishness, and an unmixed astonishment at everything American. His tutor, detained in a Boston hotel by an attack of erysipelas, had seen him depart alone with much trepidation and many charges; but he impressed an observer as having a fund of prudence and reserve behind his boyish good cheer which made him abundantly able to take care of himself.

Harry Damer came up from the lower regions, where he had been showing the cook how to concoct a salad dressing after a famous recipe of Kate's.

"What an extraordinary craft!" exclaimed Lord Brentford, who was looking through a glass in the direc-

tion where the fog had partially cleared. "She carries her nose in the air, and drags her tail in the water, like a disabled goose. See if you can make her out, Damer."

"It's a new Yankee invention; a fellow has patented it," said Josh Faulkner, who was training himself for a wit. "Anybody can sail ships in the water; we Yankees are finding out that the laws of gravitation—"

"It's only an old wreck," said Harry Damer, after observing the "extraordinary craft" carefully through the glass. "She was aground somewhere, probably, and floated off in the storm. There she goes, drifting off into the thick fog again. She's settling; she won't last long."

"I can't get that queer little craft out of my mind," said Harry Damer, peering through the glass into the thick fog in which she had been lost to sight. "I couldn't make out that there was any one on board of her, but I fancied I saw something white waved like a flag of distress. I wish you would stand over that way, Langley. It won't be much out of our course, and the fog is breaking away again over there. See! there she is again! She looks like an old yacht that was beached just below our grounds, and used by the children for a playhouse. I don't suppose there is any one on her, but if you will stand over there, Langley—it gives me an awful feeling to see her pitching and plunging about there, and know that every moment is likely to be her last!"

"Looks as if there were a little heap of something—might be a dog—up there in her bow!" exclaimed Josh Faulkner, who was proverbially long-sighted. "Hark! that horn comes from there! Dogs don't blow horns! there is some one there! and there's no time to lose!"

Bert Langley was already giving the necessary orders to the two sailors who constituted the available crew of the *Pirate*. She swung around, and with the best speed she could make went in pursuit of the queer little craft, which was now and again so shrouded in fog that they held their breaths in suspense, fearing that she had gone down.

They had come near enough now for Harry to feel certain that it was the old *High-Flyer*, although it seemed impossible that she could have floated so long; and as she was for a moment free from fog, with the space of blue sky large enough for a Dutchman's trousers directly above her, he caught sight of a gleam of color up there in the bow that made him say, under his breath, and with a strangling lump in his throat:

"If that doesn't look like dear old Polly's red head!"

After that the delay which the perverse wind caused was unendurable. A boat was lowered, and Harry and Josh Faulkner rowed swiftly towards the wreck.

Polly had been so brave that I am not going to confess how she broke down at sight of Harry, nor how limp was the burden which Harry's strong arms lowered into the row-boat. Harry, with his sophomore honors thick upon him, and bearing also the proud position of stroke-oar of the 'varsity crew, was absolutely obliged to conquer the strangling in his throat, and pretend, in spite of his white face, to take things calmly, as became a man; and Josh Faulkner felt that it was never more clearly his mission to make jokes than now.

Polly shivered as she looked back at the old boat; she watched it until the fog, which was still very thick father out at sea, had swallowed it up entirely. Would it go drifting on and on through fog and sunshine, through days and nights, until it reached far-off seas and strange foreign lands; or would it be tossed upon some shore where children would think it a treasure, as they had done, and wonder over its bunting-draped counters and its cargo of homemade candy; or would it very soon "give the mermaids an opportunity to set up shop," as Josh Faulkner prophesied.

She was almost herself by the time they reached the *Pirate*, where she was received with great enthusiasm, and every one and everything on board was placed at her disposal. The yacht's misfortunes were distinctly seen to have been blessings in disguise, since they threw her in the way of the wreck, and enabled her to rescue Polly. The compass was promptly produced from Polly's pocket, and with its aid and that of a freshening breeze, which Polly was declared to have brought with her as well as the compass, the *Pirate* made such good speed that before it was fairly dark the Green Harbor lights, the dear lights of home, which brought tears to Polly's eyes, twinkled through the lessening mist.

Polly had found the young English lord somewhat disappointing, he being, as she afterwards explained to Bess, "just like any other nice boy." He was very much impressed by her, knitting his brows over her, and remarking that it was "a very extraordinary country." He seemed to regard it as a feature of the coun-

(Continued on page 14)

# Our Party Page



*On Hallowe'en the witches fly  
To brush the cobwebs from the sky  
They dress 'themselves in pointed  
hats*

*They take their broomsticks and  
their cats*

*And travel forth to read our fates  
Of riches, troubles, journeys, mates.*

*Come scouts, we'll try a novel stunt  
We'll gather for a Witches' Hunt.*

*Hunt starts at 8 o'clock  
At Maude Brown's house  
Friday evening, October 31st.  
Please bring scissors.*

NO need to ask what that is. It could only be an invitation to a Hallowe'en party and in this case it is a party THE RALLY is suggesting for scouts and their friends. A Hallowe'en party, by the way, offers a fine occasion for becoming acquainted with the scouts in your town whom you do not know awfully well. No one can be "stiff" while doing mystic "stunts," and at the end of the evening a jolly feeling of comradeship is bound to exist among all the members of the party.

Appropriate decorations add much to the invitations. If one of your entertainment committee is handy with brush or pen, let her decorate your cards or notes with little black witches, cats and owls.

On the night of the party the guests are led first to a room containing materials for constructing "witch millinery"—for what witch would really look the part without a pointed hat? Each guest is given a cardboard hat brim (it saves time to have these prepared in advance) a sheet of black paper, and a smaller piece of orange paper to be used for decorations. Scissors, the guests have with them. Paste, and newspapers for stiffening crowns, are supplied, and at a signal the guests set to work, each on her own witch hat.

At the end of half an hour the girl who has made the cleverest hat

is awarded a prize, which might appropriately be a black cat pen wiper or pin cushion. The guests then don their hats and thus properly garbed are ready to "brush the cobwebs from the sky."

This is done by means of an old fashioned cobweb party. To give a Hallowe'en touch the cords may start from little brooms (made out of cardboard) and be wound upon them as the girls progress. The cobweb is made as complicated as possible, the cords crossing and recrossing and being twisted around furniture, chandeliers, and window curtains. Finally, at the end of each cord is found a small candle wrapped in a paper bearing this mysterious message:

What shall we do at our party? How many times have you asked that question? All girls like to give parties and certainly Girl Scouts are no exception. This is proved by the number of requests we receive at Headquarters for entertainment material. We have therefore decided to give every month in **The Rally** a number of party suggestions, suitable to the season. If there is any particular kind of party you wish help with, write to us. On the other hand if you have an original idea for an entertainment, send it in. **We will pay \$1.00 for any account of a party or plan for a party considered worthy of publication.**

*Guard me with care, I'll bring to  
view*

*The fate the future holds for you.  
Walk twice around the house and  
then*

*Come back into this room again.*

While the guests are walking around the house a witch (an older member of the family or one of the hostesses) is installed in the party room. Everything is made as mysterious as possible. The lights are lowered and the witch mumbles as she stirs the contents of a black pot. "Creepy" music from a hidden source adds atmosphere. The guests are invited to pass by the pot, and each take one of the little paper rolls contained in it. When all of the guests have helped themselves the papers are unfolded. At first there is general astonishment, for apparently the papers are perfectly blank!

And now the purpose of the little candles is made known, for when the papers are warmed by their light writing appears on them. (The writing is done in lemon juice which does not show until it is exposed to heat.) Strange fortunes unfold themselves.

*Within the year from overseas*

*A stranger comes to claim you  
His eyes are blue his hair is black  
He bears a well known name, too.*

*A long long journey is your fate*

*From southern warmth to arctic  
cold*

*But you'll return at distant date  
Your pockets filled with shining  
gold.*

You can think of any number of exciting prophecies. Make them as different as possible so that reading them aloud will furnish entertainment. Introducing the names of nearby towns or of persons well known locally will give your prophecies a personal touch and also make them more amusing.

(Continued on page 15)



## SCRIBES' CORNER—HOME SCOUT NEWS—

### COLORA, MARYLAND

#### *Sends a Donation to Headquarters.*

I want to tell you about our success in giving "The Golden Eaglet" in Rising Sun, Maryland,—a little country town of only four hundred and sixteen inhabitants. I mention the size of the town because, after reading the brilliant accounts of what other scouts have made on this splendid picture in large towns and cities, I fear you may think our success very small indeed. The theatre, which is the Town Hall, seats two hundred people. We could arrange for but one performance in the evening, and in spite of the fact that the very popular moonlight excursion on the boat from Point Deposit down the bay, unfortunately conflicted with our night and took many people who would otherwise have come to see the Scouts, still we had a full house. Our gross receipts were \$14.48, but with the expenses taken out, we only netted \$10.35.

I enclose \$1.00, hoping that it will help in the extension of Scouting.

One scout read an interesting account of the History of Girl Scouts and the qualifications for a "Golden Eaglet," as an introduction to the film, while the girls sang some of the new Scout Songs between reels.

F. S., Captain.

### FALL RIVER, MASS.

The Fall River Council, of Girl Scouts, ran a very successful camp for its various troops this summer, for two weeks, from July 28th to August 11th.

The camp itself was located on the edge of a fine bathing beach in Tiverton, R. I., and the girls slept in large army tents, each tent accommodating eight girls. In all, over sixty girls attended the camp.

"Reveille" awoke the Scouts each morning at 7 o'clock and five minutes later they marched to the drill field for fifteen minutes of Walter Camp's "Daily Dozen Set-up" under the leadership of Miss Snow, the camp director. After breakfast and tent inspection, "Assembly" was sounded and the girls formed in company formation for the raising of the flag and scout exercises. The color guard was chosen each day from the tent which won first honors at inspection. The girl, whose bed looked the best, served as Color Sergeant and the next two as right and

left color guards. The girls delighted in this competition and there was great rivalry between the different tents.

After the raising of the flag, pledge of allegiance, singing of Star Spangled Banner, saying of the Scout Promise and Scout Laws, the special duties for the day were assigned and the Kitchen Police, Water Boys, and Lamp Lighters were appointed.

Scout instruction was given in knot-tying, semaphore, wig-wag and radio signaling, swimming, rowing and life-saving. There were also Flower Hikes, Berry Hikes, Shore Roasts and other recreational activities. On one Berry Hike enough blackberries were picked in about an hour's time, to have berries for supper and blackberry pie for dinner the next day.

The evenings were spent in either playing games or dancing in "Company Street" to the music of a victrola, until dusk when all gathered around a campfire and told stories or sang songs to the strains of a mandolin, until "Call to Quarters" was sounded at 9 o'clock and followed by "Taps" at 9:30.

The entire camp was under the management of Miss Grace E. Snow, who is The Local Director, and she was assisted by the various troop captains who were at camp and assisted in instructing in scout work. The swimming instructor was Miss Kathryn Graves, who taught advanced swimming at the 4th Encampment of the National Training Camp for Girl Scout Officers, and the scouts made excellent progress under her supervision.

### MUSKEGON, MICH

White Pine Troop of Girl Scouts of North Muskegon gave an ice cream social last night in the parlors of the M. E. Church, which were appropriately decorated with pine foliage, the emblem chosen by the troop. Khaki color was everywhere in evidence, and the tables were graced with baskets of the green arranged with yellow flowers and orange shaded candles. Among the articles for sale, donated by generous friends, was a beautiful water color of Bear Lake from the studio of M. Vittirio Casenelli. The girls made \$75.00, which is to be used in decorating Scout Headquarters at the school building.

### BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The girls of Troop 28 have been Live Wires in all the War Work which could be done by them. Recently they gave a play at which they cleared over seventy dollars (\$70.00). Of this sum they gave twenty-five dollars to the Jewish Welfare Board; three dollars to the Jewish War Sufferers; five dollars to their congregation; and five dollars to the Brooklyn Scout Fund which is supported entirely by contributions from Brooklyn troops. With the remainder they purchased troop necessities.

E. R.

### ATHENS, OHIO

At our birthday anniversary we entertained our parents and friends with games and dancing.

During the Fourth Liberty Loan Campaign we sold many bonds, one girl selling twenty-eight. About 75% of the girls won medals. The medals are to be distributed soon, and at that time the Girl Scout film "The Golden Eaglet" is to be shown.

At a candy sale recently we cleared twenty-eight dollars, with which we hope to furnish our club room.

During Girl Scout Week, which is coming soon, we expect to don our uniforms and work, work, work!

L. B.

### NAPLES, N. Y.

There are twelve of "us"—eleven girls and one captain in the Violet Patrol, Troop 1, of Naples.

We live in a very small town,—but just so as you may know, what a small troop in a country town may do, we are writing to tell you.

We ushered at the Liberty Loan meeting in uniforms and gave out programs. We assisted the Post Office Department at Christmas time, during the influenza epidemic, by delivering packages.

We collected four barrels of peach pits for gas masks.

Marched in the Peace Parade, November 11th, and collected \$30.00 for Local Red Cross.

We secured, cleaned, and furnished Club Rooms for ourselves.

We went camping on Lake Canandaigua for a week. We called our camp "Camp Low" after Mrs. Juliette Low.

Of course, with all this work, we have many good times, such as corn roasts, hikes and parties in the winter.

M. C.



## —AND SCOUTING NEWS FROM ABROAD



WHEN the War broke out in 1914, Boy Scouts were the first organization to take part in the defense of England. Like the dragon teeth that Jason planted, which sprang up overnight into an army of armed men, so the Boy Scouts appeared like magic and in a few hours thousands of miles of the British coasts were patrolled by scouts. It was, therefore quite a coincidence that the day that Peace was signed, a big Boy Scout Rally happened to be celebrated in Hyde Park London. When the great news of Peace was flashed all over London, the Chief Scout announced it to 15,000 Boy Scouts, and they were the first organized group to welcome the good news!

At the saluting post in Hyde Park about twenty-five Girl Guides had been placed to keep a space in reserve for the Chief Scout, his staff and the visitors, myself among the latter. When the Chief, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, appeared these Girl Guides modestly moved aside, but the Chief went up to them and placed himself right in the center of the group, as if to include them in the rejoicing. I felt as if our American Girl Scouts were there in spirit too, joining in the shout that pealed forth from 15,000 voices.

We are so far away in America that we fail to realize how big and wonderful Scouting, or Guiding, is all over the world. It was only

when I attended the International Meeting and heard the reports from foreign lands, like China where in Tienstin, nineteen Girl Guides are enrolled, that I realized that they are going through the same trials and difficulties that we encountered when we started in America.

I think the following reports will be of interest to you:

*France:* Two or three different girls' organizations have sprung up, all having the same program but each having a different name. Some are known as *Eclaireuses*; another group is called the *Union Chretien de Jeunes Filles*. An effort is being made to bring them all together under one Council.

*Portugal:* The Girl Scouts in this country are without badges, and because of war conditions the British Headquarters cannot supply them as it supplied us in America in 1910. By the way, did you ever consider where we got our badges? They did not just grow in a shop. I had to bring over from England twelve gross (1,728) of each kind of badge, and when I got to the New York Customs House, I believe the official who examined my luggage thought me a dealer in 'embroidery'! But I told him about the Girl Guides and said I thought, "Uncle Sam" would be very glad to have such girls in America and the official said he thought so too, and he passed in every badge without charging duty on them. We don't realize how easy it was for us to become Girl Scouts until we compare our lot with that of the girls in other countries.

*Poland:* Thousands of Girls there carried on the program of Girl Guiding in secret, because the authorities during the war would not allow any organization of Girl Guides except in Austrian Poland. This meant that 4,500 girls in Lithuania, 800 in Prussian Poland, 1,700 in Galicia and 1,000 in other parts of Poland had to meet clandestinely and in spite of these restrictions they did splendid war work. There was in Warsaw an entire battalion of Boy Scouts; the Girl Guides devoted themselves to the Red Cross. Just think how sad it would be if you could never wear your Tenderfoot badge except hidden in your dress, instead of on your tie, and how difficult it would be to take all your tests for badges privately and never have a Rally or a Girl Scout display.

Miss Alma Tadema is training some of the Polish refugees in Lon-



don so that they can go back to Poland and tell the Polish girls about the British Girl Guides.

It is possible for English Girl Guides to help many countries because Serbians, Roumanians and Allies who were driven from their own countries took refuge in England.

*Holland:* Holland has many Girl Guides and this autumn they have invited a party of British Girl Guides to go to Holland and camp out with their Dutch sister Guides. They will get to know each other and perhaps also learn to talk each others language.

All we can do in America is to keep up a brisk correspondence with foreign girls. They have sent us messages by their representatives at the International Meeting, and they urge us to write to them for they long to hear about our camps and our Rallies and all that we are doing. Therefore, any girl who can write in any other language besides English should continue doing her bit by writing to a foreign girl, mailing her letter in care of Miss Pemberton, 76 Victoria Street, London, S. W., England. She will thus prove that she is indeed "The little friend of all the world."

*Juliette Low:*

## The RALLY

### "CAPTAIN POLLY"

(Continued from page 10)

try for girls to go drifting about on wrecks, with compasses in their pockets and fog-horns at their sides, and found it a perplexing social problem.

"It isn't quite fair to throw the responsibility of Polly upon the whole country, you know," said Harry, laughing; but he looked somewhat grave and perplexed as he wondered what the young Englishman, or indeed any civilized person, as he said to himself, would think of them all at Birch Point. They ran wild when their father and mother were at home; what must be the state of things now that they were absent? "Bad children they wa'n't"; he could agree with Diantha's oft-repeated opinion, but he was also inclined to agree with Del that they ought to be suppressed. What would Del have said to know that he was half inclined to class her among the children! The nursery and the schoolroom were the only proper places for children until they were grown and fit for the society of their elders; and the primitive style of living which prevailed at Birch Point, in which they were continually at the front, was a great mistake. It was so short a time that Harry had held these views that he had not strongly set them forth to the proper authorities. He now regretted this very much. Polly was conversing very freely with the young lord; she was now confiding to him their shop-keeping experiences, and now she was telling him that Cainy Green, their "chore-boy," was a "revolutionist." (No one with a weakness about r's could be expected to have a stout hold upon them after such experiences as Polly's.) He made it evident, to Polly's great glee and open scorn, that he thought she was bestowing a Yankee pronunciation upon *choir-boy*, and she was obliged to explain at great length the functions of a "chore-boy," of which the young Englishman had never heard. This explanation revealed much of the household economy, even to the fact that Diantha made Cainy wear his employer's old clothes (which was coupled with a promise that he should soon see "how funny Cainy looked in papa's old dress coat") and her (Diantha's) long sleeved apron when he peeled the potatoes." The young lord seemed to find the peaceful nature of Cainy's avocations queerly incongruous with the fact that he was a revolutionist. But on this point Polly had become suddenly silent; she had remembered her

promise, and Syd's connection with the "League."

Her light-heartedness was gone. The home-lights which had beckoned so cheerfully were clouded by dread. But as the *Pirate* drew near the wharf, and Harry called to some one standing on it, a joyful, and unmistakably familiar bark greeted his voice.

"There's Bose. I shouldn't feel as if I had got home if Bose were not the first to greet me," said Harry.

As soon as she set foot on the wharf Polly seized Bose and hugged him and cried over him.

Out of a shadow appeared Cainy, shuffling and shamefaced.

"I'm runnin' to make a bonfire on the Point, as they told me to, if you was found," he said, standing first on one foot and then on the other, like a perturbed hen. "There's an orfle lot of boats out after you, and everybody's most crazy. Your grandfather, he's aboard the *Witch*."

"Hurry, then, and make the fire!" said Harry.

"Yes, and the bells is goin' to be set a ringin'." Cainy started, but turned back to say, with his voice a trifle husky,

"I say, I'm glad you wa'n't drowned, Miss Polly. I kind of thought at first— But I be glad, as sure as you're born."

A crowd surrounded Polly. Familiar faces appeared out of the mist, as if by magic, and in the dim and twinkling lamplight they did not draw themselves down, or straighten themselves out, but showed all their smiles and tears; how sorry they had been for her, the townspeople who had known her from babyhood, and how dear they were to her! She might come to think, again, that old Mrs. Pillsbury was stingy, and that Laura French had said she was "a tomboy," and that Mr. Luke Preble had driven them out of his wood-lot, where there were raspberries; but now they were all kind and glad, and Polly had learned, as she might not have done for years but for that awful, lonely voyage on the old wreck, how sweet is the touch of human sympathy. There was even a kindly grin, here and there, on the faces of the "patch" boys, and little Billy O'Brien, to whom Polly had once done a kindness, drew his ragged sleeve across his eyes—or was it a little lower than his eyes, and for a more obvious necessity? Billy's habits, alas! made such an inference possible, but Polly gave him the benefit of the doubt.

There was a great cheering as they drove off, in the somewhat

dilapidated old vehicle which waited about the wharf in the hope of a stray passenger.

Cainy, with the zealous assistance which is sure to be offered to such an undertaking, had made a huge bonfire; the fog seemed to be fleeing before it in ghostlike shapes, and the whole point was light.

The bonfire was the first intimation of Polly's safety which had come to the family in the house, and, wild with eagerness, they came rushing out at the sound of wheels, among them Aunt Katherine, who had arrived by the *Katahdin*, the same steamer which had so nearly crunched the old *High-Flyer* under her wheels.

They all seized upon Polly with such eager joy as to be quite oblivious of her companions. Del came to herself with a great shock when she heard Harry present Lord Brentford to Aunt Katharine. She was quite overcome when she heard Aunt Katharine say, with simple hospitality:

"Show Lord Brentford into the peacock chamber, Harry. Supper will be ready directly."

How countryfied, how common, it sounded! How bitterly mortifying it was after she had worked so hard to arrange seven o'clock dinners after he should arrive, and had evolved a hopeful butler from Simeon Grow, with what "labor dire and weary woe" only she herself knew, and had subdued Diantha's independence in some degree, and brought Quintilla to a cap-and-apron frame of mind, to have this scion of the British aristocracy behold them in every-day keeping; in fact, at their worst—for no one would be thinking of anything but Polly. Del loved Polly dearly; she had suffered so while she was lost that all her plans had been quite forgotten, but now that she was safe, she did wish that she could have been saved by some other boat than the *Pirate*.

Aunt Katherine was cultivated and bookish—quite too bookish, Del thought—and she had moved in good society both at home and abroad, and had entertained many distinguished people, but she could not—the worst of it was she didn't wish to be—fashionable.

"I wrote to Harry to telegraph from Rockland; oh, why didn't he do it?"

Del made this moan in a state of collapse in the great leather arm-chair in the hall. She made it to the empty air, for the young men had gone to their rooms, and the others had carried Polly off to hers.

"Where is she? where is she?" Grandpa came into the parlor where Polly, who had declined to be put to bed, sat before the wood fire. Grandpa's hands trembled as he stretched them out to Polly; he looked like a very old man, as he never had done before. They all knew that to grandpa there was no one quite like Polly.

"How are you, my boy, how are you?" he said, absently, to the young lord.

Grandpa had been a ship-carpenter, and had worked with his hands in his youth. He had made a large fortune, but he had never, as he expressed it, got a good grip on the king's English. Del had spent many moments of late wondering how grandpa would figure in an English novel; he would be spoken of as belonging to the lower classes, she thought; a lord would not be expected to associate with him. She hoped Lord Brentford would know at once that he had been governor of the state. Roy and Syd came in. Roy had a white line around his mouth, and his lips were set.

"I tied the boat, you know, sir," he said to his grandfather, in a high-keyed, nervous voice that was almost a scream. "I tied it with a cable; it never could have broken; it was cut. Now I am going to find out who did it; and if there is any one who knows and doesn't tell—"

Syd's face was white against the crimson sofa upon which he had sat down. But Polly—it was no wonder, they said, since she had been through so much—Polly dropped her head upon her grandfather's knee and quietly fainted.

(To be continued)

## OUR PARTY PAGE

(Continued from page 11)

If there is any extra time to be filled some of the old fashioned "stunts" can always be tried—ducking for apples, trying to bite apples swinging on a string, or diving in flour for coins thimbles and rings, symbolic respectively of riches, spinsterhood and matrimony.

The evening ends with refreshments and you will not need any suggestions about those. Apples, nuts, sweet cider and pumpkin pies are all good Hallowe'en dishes. Table decorations are an easy matter, too. Crepe paper covered with black cats, pumpkins, owls and witches can be bought, and from it any variety of place cards, favors, center pieces and candle shades may be made.

## MORE MANHATTAN NEWS

### POSTER CONTEST

Can you draw? Have you a good idea for a poster to be used in recruiting Girl Scout captains? If so, here is your chance to earn a Thanks Badge.

In connection with the drive for Girl Scout captains in Manhattan, there will be a poster contest. Any Manhattan Girl Scout is eligible to try. There are no restrictions as to design and treatment, although the size must be at least 14 by 20 inches. The subject should be appropriate to the purpose of the poster, that is, the recruiting of captains.

All posters must be received at the Manhattan Office on or before October 25th. The girls whose poster is judged the best will receive a Thanks Badge in recognition of her contribution to the Drive for Leaders. Posters will be on exhibition in the Big Room at Headquarters, 189 Lexington Avenue, after October 25th.

### PATROL LEADERS, ATTENTION!

On the second Saturday of every month there will be a meeting of all Manhattan Patrol Leaders. This meeting will be held at 2.30 in the Model Apartment at the Manhattan Office. At this time Second Class tests will also be given.

### THE MODEL APARTMENT

The "Model Apartment" referred to in the Drive letter is one of the very nicest features of the new office. It will furnish a place for tests, for First Aid work, for cooking lessons, but better than that, it will be a place that the girls can come and enjoy as a reading or rest room. Meetings can be held there, too, if the office is notified in advance. There will be a sitting-room, with an open fire, a bedroom, and a kitchenette. This last room is likely to be the most popular of all, for on the little gas stove, there scouts can concoct rare dishes for their spreads, or make good old fashioned fudge.

### A CORRECTION

In the September RALLY a most unfortunate mistake occurred in the name of one of our contributors. Mrs. Effie Wyler Hirsch is the author of the article "The Local Council," and THE RALLY wishes to apologize to Mrs. Hirsch for the misspelling of her name.



## "I Know Exactly What Your Furniture Needs"

"I know—because my furniture looked just like this, Dorothy, before I gave it the 3-in-One treatment. It was so dull and lifeless. Practically new furniture—but it looked terribly old. Do as I did—just pour a little

## 3-in-One Oil

on a cloth wrung out in cold water. Wipe only a little of the surface at a time. The dirt that comes out will astonish you. Then dry and polish with a dry cloth, following the grain of the wood. It simply transformed my furniture!"

3-in-One is sold at all stores in 50c, 25c, 15c bottles; also in 25c Handy Oil Cans. Get some and see how beautifully it will clean and polish your furniture.

FREE Write for liberal sample of 3-in-One and Dictionary of Uses—both sent FREE on request.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.

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## Girl Scouts, Attention!

WE want you to know that this store is official headquarters for Washington, and when you come in for Scout Apparel or equipment, you will find a royal welcome.

## The Hecht Co.

7th St., near F St., N.W., Washington, D.C.

## Are you singing the new Girl Scout Songs?

Try them—you are bound to like them.

Sheets of six songs, 3 cents each, or 4 cents for amounts of ten sheets or over.

## National Headquarters Girl Scouts

189 Lexington Ave., - New York



## GIRL SCOUT PRICE LIST

ALL ORDERS MUST BE MAILED TO NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS. BE SURE TO STATE SIZES OF HATS AND BELTS AS WELL AS UNIFORMS WHEN ORDERING.

STYLE	SIZE	PRICE
175 N Long Coat .....	10-18	\$3.65
	38-42	3.85
165 Short Coat .....	10-18	3.25
	38-42	3.50
100 N Skirt .....	10-18	2.85
	38-42	3.15
280 N Bloomers .....	10-18	3.40
	38-42	3.50
200 N Norfolk Jacket .....	10-18	3.75
(For Officials Only)	38-42	4.00
450 Felt Hat .....		1.75
525 Khaki Hat .....		1.15
(New Round Shape)		

### ACCESSORIES

550 Neckerchiefs, black .....	\$ .50
660 Spiral Puttees .....	2.75
670 Stockings, cotton .....	Per pair .80
680 Stockings, cotton footless .....	Per pair .80
690 Stockings, wool .....	Per pair 2.50
700 Haversack .....	1.50
750 Canteen .....	1.60
800 Whistles .....	.20
850 Rope, Manila, 4 ft. x 1/2 in. for knot practice.....	.15
5 or more .....	.05
900 Leather Belt .....	1.75
Strong durable leather belt in its natural color with attractive nickel plated buckle. It is fitted with rings at either side to which are attached snap hooks for use in carrying small articles when on a hike. Every Girl Scout will appreciate a belt of this kind.	
950 Web Belt (With Girl Scout special buckle).....	.50
961 Knives No. 1 .....	1.65
962 Knives No. 2 .....	.65
975 Mess Kits .....	1.50
985 First Aid Kits .....	.50

EXTRA SIZES: Garments above size 42 will cost 25 cents more per garment.  
GARMENTS made to individual measurements cost 50 cents extra.

### NEW SCHEDULE OF STANDARD SIZES

(Use for Ready Made Garments)

Year	Bust	Waist	Length of Skirt	Sleeve In- side Seam	Length Short Coat	Length Long Coat	Bloomers Outseam
10	30	28	27	14 1/4	25	35	22
12	32	29	28	15	25 1/2	39	23
14	33	27	29	16 1/4	28	42	26
16	34	26	32	17	30	43 1/2	27
18	36	26	34	18	31	45	29
20	38	28	36	18 1/2	35 1/2	50 1/2	29
	40	30	37	19	33	50	30
	42	32	37	19	33	50	30

NOTICE: Insignia, handkerchiefs and all literature will be supplied through National Headquarters only and not through agents.

**Sigmund Eisner Company**

*Official National Outfitter*

Red Bank, New Jersey

# On Sale at

## National Headquarters Girl Scouts

189 Lexington Avenue - New York City

### GENERAL SALE

Anyone may purchase the Girl Scout Handbook, also the Manual for Leaders. All other articles listed in this booklet will be sold only to registered scouts on order signed by their Leader.

Girl Scout Handbook .....	\$30	Manual for Leaders .....	\$25
Book of Rules .....			\$25

#### FLAGS

Troop Flags, 22 x 36 in., blue and white sterling bunting (unlettered) Scout emblem sewed on a green background .....	\$2.50
Troop No. — and Flower name in white letters and name of "City and State" in blue letters on above Flag .....	.10
Semaphore Flags, per pair .....	.75
Morse Code Flags, each .....	.40

#### BADGES AND INSIGNIA

G. S. Embroidered Lapels, per pair .....	\$ .20
Attendance Badge, Silver Plated (90% attendance one year) .....	.15
Attendance Badge, Gold Plated (perfect attendance one year) .....	.20
First Class Badge (embroidered in red and orange colored silk on khaki) .....	.25
Second Class Badge (embroidered in green silk on khaki) .....	.20
Proficiency Badges .....	.15
Tenderfoot Pin (Third Class) .....	.05
Tenderfoot Pin (with safety clasp) .....	.15
Tenderfoot Pin (gold filled) .....	.75
Tenderfoot Pin (solid gold) .....	2.50
Arm Bands .....	.15
Ex-patrol leader's chevron, two angles and one bar mounted on khaki ready to be sewed on sleeve .....	.25
Patrol Leader's Chevron two angles mounted on khaki ready to be sewed on sleeve .....	.25
Corporal's Chevron, one bar, mounted on khaki, ready to be sewed on sleeve .....	.20
Flower Crests (Name of Troop) .....	.15
G. S. Hat Bands .....	.25

**The following badges sold only with the approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards**

"Thanks" Badge, sterling silver .....	.75
"Thanks" Badge, gold plated .....	.75
Sterling Silver Medal of Merit .....	.50
Life Saving Cross (Bronze) .....	.75
War Service Pin .....	.25
Ribbons, silk .....	.05
Ribbons, gold or silver .....	.10

#### INSIGNIA FOR OFFICERS

Lieutenants' Shoulder Knot, white .....	.10
Captain's Pin .....	.50
Lieutenant's Pin .....	.50
Captain's Hat Band, black silk design embroidered on Khaki .....	.75
Commissioner's Armlet .....	.50

#### RECORDS

Troop Register Loose Leaf, provides complete records for 4 patrols .....	\$1.50
Additional sheets, each .....	.03
Patrol Register, each .....	.15

#### CARDS

Measurements Cards .....	.05
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#### SONGS

"Onward" .....	.15
"America, the Beautiful" .....	.05
"Oh, Beautiful Country" .....	.05
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#### READY TO SEW UNIFORMS

##### Including Set of Buttons & Lapel Badges

Sizes	10	12	14	16	18	38	40	42
Skirt .....	1.90	2.00	2.10	2.20	2.30	2.40	2.50	2.60
Bloomers .....	1.80	1.90	2.00	2.10	2.20	2.30	2.40	2.50
Long Coat .....	2.80	2.90	3.00	3.10	3.20	3.30	3.40	3.50
Short Coat .....	2.25	2.35	2.45	2.55	2.70	2.80	2.90	3.00

#### MISCELLANEOUS

Neckerchiefs, black .....	.30
Handkerchiefs, embroidered with G. S. emblem in colors .....	.25
Stationery, stamped with G. S. Emblem, 25 sheets and envelopes .....	.40
Knitting Bags, Khaki, with stencilled G. S. emblem ....	.50
First Aid Book .....	.50

#### MATERIAL AND PATTERNS

Khaki, per yard, 36 inches wide .....	.50
Pattern, Long or Short coat .....	.15
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Official patterns, sizes 10 to 20 years, are sold only with khaki and in corresponding quantities. Official buttons are issued only with the sale of khaki. The buttons are loaned, not sold, and a deposit of 25c is required upon each set of 14 buttons; a deposit of 2c each is required for the larger buttons for Norfolk Coats.

No articles purchased from National Headquarters will be exchanged after 15 days from the date which they are shipped to the customer from National Headquarters.

Postage must accompany all orders.



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## Khaki Land for Girls

Complete outfits of Girl Scout suits and accessories, including: Long and short coats, skirts, bloomers, felt hats, khaki hats, Girl Scout handkerchiefs with emblem, black neckerchiefs, canteens, whistles, belts, manila rope and camping accessories.

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